

Nothing worse than elves with attitude
But she has a ringer;
A malicious compliant folk,
Forges, flames and sheer fucking glee
The Feanorians bound by oath to fight her foe.

It's sugar and spice,
And nothing about it's nice.
Santas sack is filled with coal
But if one looks deep enough and see,
There's a fucking Silmaril in there.

It's not quite another kinslaying,
Santa and his elves against them,
But Santa's at a disadvantage you see,
"Naughty, naughty and really not nice."
She crunches the edge of a candy cane,
"Oh, ho ho ho, go fuck yourself."

There ain't no mirth in his eyes,
Twinkling' old saint nick is gone
Red-skinned and full of ire,
It's the hour of Krampus and he's grown as strong as Tulkas.
"You're a real freakshow."

Twas the night before Christmas,
It was never really Santa
And his elves dropped the 'guise,
Imps bit at the Noldor's knees
And Krampus held the Silmaril.

Maedhros kicked an imp over yonder,
And everything came to still
A brilliant gem, light of wonders,
Krampus sneered,
"It's yours if you beat me in holiday jeer
But I bet you'll lose for sure."